



New Year's Eve, and at home. This is a cozy little den of mine, just as it looks now, quite eclipses anything I ever see at the club; books, pipes, easy chairs, a cheerful fire in the grate; pictures, busts, my well-beloved etchings all about the walls.

What's the matter with you, old man, tonight? Why are you taking an inventory of these surroundings on this last night of the year? Everybody thinks you are tired of them, don't you know, for you spend very little time in their midst, says some provoking little voice. (Wonder if it's my conscience.)

Dorothy is up stairs, the servants are out; as soon as she finishes the sewing of a button on Johnnie's refractory trousers she will come down, she says, and watch the old year out, being evidently well pleased over the prospect of a club night of our own, a little "Home, Sweet Home" sort of an arrangement.

It seems that Johnnie is the only member of our family not a member of a club. Dorothy simply holds on to the little shaver by the collar, tied to her apron strings he is, and I am glad of it.

Can I ever forget the day when our



THIS IS A COZY LITTLE DEN.

neighborhood took on a sudden quiet? The question arose, where are those boys? Dorothy and I knew all about it, for we were not invited to become honorary members of their club, "The Ollapodrida." We helped to foot the bills and evinced an interest in the affairs of the club; we lent them ten cents to buy material to reseat an old worn-out chair; there was another item; twenty-five cents for lumber, etc., and last, but not least, and that which caused Dorothy much suffering, were sundry pieces of rope to be furnished with all the paraphernalia of a trapeze arrangement, preparatory to meanderings aloft, all of which caused a rush of blood to my head, as I thought of these venturesome boys, three of them at work daily, experimenting with the center of gravity, walking on their heads being the objective point apparently.

We are happily rejoicing these days, however, in a more recent occupant of the family cradle, who so far walks feet downward after the fashion of mortals.

As time goes on, the children's youthful exploits, with the accompanying worries of their elders, fade into oblivion, as the more serious aspect confronts us.

The Ollapodrida members of my family have taken unto themselves a few extra years; two of these aforesaid members are looking college-ward, and I seem to worry about them in a wonderful way quite unlike myself.

The bread and butter question confronts me? What profession will be theirs? Are they sufficiently strong in purpose to resist this or that?

The day will come when Dorothy and I cannot shield them or stand beneath them and the cold world; we won't be here to settle the little accounts or encounters, or watch the little cotillions they are going to have with the dwellers of this mundane sphere.

Then comes the question over again: "Well, old fellow, what's the matter now? Can't you let the boys alone, and let them fight it out just as you did?" Some truth in that, I answer. "I will wait until Dorothy comes and I'll ask her, just for curiosity, what she thinks of my past, and the general outlook."

In part I am going to turn over a new leaf. Here is a volume of Longfellow beside me on the table; he is so human, you know, and I will close my eyes, open the book (a little game of chance, you see), and on the page where my finger rests I will try if by chance a word of comfort come to me, that would hit my case.

I seem to have a case of the blues; probably staying away from the club on this convivial occasion is not agreeing with me. "Shut your eyes, open the book," says the little exhorter, that unseen individual.

Presto—change—O, what meets my eye? Will it be some fine prophecy

or? Here it is under my forefinger: "A Shadow." It reads:

I said to myself if I were dead, What would befall these children?

What would be Their fate, who are now looking up to me

For help and furtherance? Their lives,

I said, Would it be a volume wherein I have read

But the first chapters, and no longer see

To read the rest of their dear history So full of beauty and so full of dread.

Be comforted; the world is very old, And generations pass, as they have passed,

A troop of shadows moving with the sun; Thousands of times has the old tale been told;

The world belongs to those who come the last, They will find hope and strength as we have done.

Was ever answer sent to a mortal man more clearly?

I think I'm sent for; there's something besides old Father Time after me, surely. Here is the very answer to my dismals as to those boys and their doings. But here comes Dorothy, singing, apparently in a very cheerful mood.

"This is perfectly lovely, George Augustus.

"Johnnie's trousers are all right for tomorrow, and I have been looking over my precious tin box, and I find such lovely bits of literature and all sorts; suppose we look them over tonight."

Perhaps Dorothy noticed an unusual expression on my manly countenance, for she paused and said: "What are you thinking about? What has this old year been saying to you? Are you having a retrospective sort of revival meeting all by yourself?"

"Only a few ideas have struck me, Dorothy. I rather like this den of mine, especially tonight, and one or two articles in these books here seem to have been written especially for me, and an uncomfortable little voice has been questioning me. A thought strikes me that we, you and I, have drifted apart rather more than I ever dreamed we could. There has been a sort of 'we fellows at the club' air and manner about me, that I really think now, as I sit here, has been a foolishness on my part that I shall endeavor to discontinue; a sort of desire to be 'in with the boys' and 'off with my wife.' I hope, Dorothy, that you do not think my past is really a dreadful one to look back upon."

"O, no," Dorothy replied, with something of a twinkle in her eyes; "but, then, you know, you might be more of a saint, if you tried, dear."

"And perhaps, most noble and adorable (my temper rising) and twentieth century wife, if I should give up my Sunday evenings at the club, possibly you may be willing to sacrifice a few of those insufferable 'teas' and bring an appetite uncontaminated with such diet as sipping frappes, Russian teas and chocolate to a respectable, cozy dinner with your George Augustus; and," (pausing for breath) "don't be angry; couldn't you leave out that tiresome, quarrelsome card party and await my return with unruffled nerves, for instance, meet me at the door just

Good-bye, old year!

We've journeyed on together many days,

And now behold the parting of our ways

Is very near;

With thoughts of mingled gladness and of dread,

I see the winding way that I must tread

To Future Lands;

For there awaits the realm of shadows deep—

The Silent Land of years that lie asleep

With folded hands.

Good-bye, old year!

A few more steps ere we forever part—

A few more words that wake the throbbing heart

To hope and fear;

A farewell smile, a lingering clasp of hand,

Ere thou shalt lie within the shadow-land

All silently;

The while I haste a glad new year to greet,

The while I journey on with memories sweet,

Old year, of thee.

Good-bye, old year!

Alas, not half I felt or knew till now

How kind and brave and true a friend wert thou;

For ah, twice dear

A loved one seems when comes the darkened day

When heart and lips all tremulous must say

A last good-bye;

Yet, though thy friendly face no more I see,

The memories sweet my heart has kept of thee.

—Alice Jean Cleator.

Tragic.

"I shall not see you till another year Has dawned," he said.

Oh, sickle maid! she turned not pale with fear—

She laughed instead.

This seems a tragic lay, till we remember

It occurred the thirty-first day of December.

—N. Y. Truth.

None to Turn Over.

"I thought you were going to turn over a new leaf, John," she said.

"I was," he replied, "but I find I can't."

"Why not?"

"There won't be any new leaves until spring."—Chicago Post.

The New Century.

Love's harmonies flow toward him full and sweet;

Sin's wild, discordant cries are past him hurled.

With sad, glad heart and brave, reluctant feet

He steps upon the threshold of the world.

sort of trapeze swinging high or low with the wings of ambition, up to greater heights." By the way, Dorothy sketches and paints. I will give her a subject, earth, sky and water, the soft green turf, the blue ethereal, the hazy mountain top, while the lazy lapping waves touch the eager feet of the climbers yet in the valley as they stand on the shore twist earth and sea, girded and armed for the steep ascent to the shrine on the distant heights.

Send them wings, O guardian angels, and give me sight, I cannot read the all of their dear history,

Vanish old year; Forward, the new! —Detroit Free Press.

The New Year Spirit.

The return of New Year's day invites many people to the most somber reflections. Undoubtedly most of us can find abundant occasion for these, but there is such a thing as pushing self-examination and self-condemnation to the point of discouragement. The best temper with which we can enter upon the new year is that of faith, faith in God and faith in ourselves through His help. It is about as certain as anything can be that the new year will bring us new experiences. Our courage, our capacity for endurance, our steadiness of character and power of resistance is to be tested. At the end of the year we are going to be nobler men and women than we are today, or we shall have deteriorated morally, and forever afterward there will be narrowing opportunities. While we think of the latter alternative it is well to strengthen our hearts by the former. Let us believe that we are not going to fail and we have taken a long step towards success. When another New Year's day comes around we are going to be able to reckon solid gains in character won through the trials and temptations and emergencies of the year's experience.—Boston Watchman.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—It is stated at the War department that the transport Grant, which is due at San Francisco about the 1st proximo, brings the remains of 398 officers, soldiers and civilian employees of the war department who died in Hawaii, China or the Philippines, and that there are twelve dead on the transport Sherman, which is due at San Francisco on the 12th proximo. Among the bodies on the Grant is that of young Barber, the nephew of President McKinley, who recently died in the orient.



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MUST OBEY THE RULES

McArthur's Proclamation Warning Non-Combatants to Use Caution.

THE RULES OF WAR TO GOVERN

A Stern Policy Adopted Toward the Philippines—Warning Given to People of Manila—Secret Committees Not Tolerated.

MANILA, Dec. 22.—Tomorrow General MacArthur will issue a proclamation warning the inhabitants of the archipelago that hereafter strict compliance with the laws of war will be required of non-combatants as well as combatants.

The proclamation will set forth the principal laws of war. It will refer to recent proclamation issued by insurgent commanders threatening natives who are friendly to the American forces and also to the orders issued to their men to kidnap and assassinate residents of towns occupied by Americans.

The insurgent leaders will be notified that such practices, if continued, will put an end to the possibility of their resuming normal civic relations and will make them fugitive criminals.

Residents of places occupied by Americans will be notified that pleas of intimidation will rarely be accepted and that where secret committees are permitted to exist in behalf of the insurgents, even well disposed persons will be exposed to the danger of being tried as traitors.

The proclamation will say that its warnings and requirements are to apply with special force to Manila, "the rendezvous of the emissaries of insurrection."

Newspapers will be warned against publishing seditious and the proclamation will declare that the rebels who are not part of an organized force are not entitled to the privileges of prisoners of war, adding that the fact that they have not hitherto been held responsible is "evidence of the solicitude of the United States to avoid the appearance of harshness."

The proclamation will clearly disavow any recognition of technical belligerency.

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House Passes Two Bills.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 20.—The house today, at the end of a spirited contest, extending over two days, passed bills compelling the Pennsylvania and Baltimore & Ohio railroads to abolish grade crossings, to alter their routes into the city and to change terminal facilities. An amendment was placed upon the Pennsylvania railroad bill to compel the road to build a new state, to cost not less than \$1,500,000. The bills were vigorously antagonized by a portion of the minority, under the leadership of Mr. Cowherd (Mo.) on the ground that they were too liberal to the roads.

Great Battle in Colombia.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—The State department has received a cablegram from United States Charge D'Affaires Deaupre at Bogota, stating that a great battle has been fought at Glardot Point, Magdalena river, Colombia, which lasted two days and resulted in a decisive victory for the government. It is reported 600 were killed and 1,000 wounded. Other victories by the government forces of the utmost importance have been announced.

Drowned in Creek.

JOHNSON, Neb., Dec. 19.—Harry Reed, a single man about 24 years old, is believed by his friends to have been drowned in Pigeon creek, near Hubbard. Mr. Reed left Hubbard Saturday night about 8 o'clock. Sunday morning his wagon was found overturned in the creek, with both horses dead. Search for the body has been in progress since that time.

Boutelle Is Retired.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 20.—When the senate convened today some bills and resolutions prepared by the house were reported. Among them was a resolution authorizing the president to appoint Charles A. Boutelle of Maine a captain on the retired list of the navy, which was passed.

All Accept Joint Note.

PEKIN, Dec. 20.—At a meeting of the foreign ministers late this evening everything in regard to the terms of the joint note was agreed to, including the British modifications. The ministers refuse to disclose anything in connection with the matter, believing that the home governments should give the particulars to the public.

VOLUNTEERS TIRED OF WAR.

Officers in the British Service Tender Their Resignations. LONDON, Dec. 20.—The government publicly requires employers, who have kept open situations for yeomanry, colonials and volunteers, to continue their patriotic efforts to minimize the sacrifices of these men in the service of their country.

The War office has issued the queen's thanks to the yeomanry, colonials and volunteers expressing her reliance that those abroad will continue to aid the regulars.

KIDNAPED BOY BACK HOME.

Return of Young Edward Cudahy Costs His Father \$25,000.

OMAHA, Dec. 21.—Edward Cudahy, Jr., is worth his weight in gold. To rescue him from the hands of the men who abducted him early last Tuesday evening and held him until he was released early Thursday morning his father, E. A. Cudahy, turned over a bag of gold weighing ninety-five pounds avoirdupois, or 112 pounds troy, but little below that of the boy himself. The amount was \$25,000, all of it in gold coin.

Following is the exact letter sent by the kidnapers to Mr. Cudahy:

OMAHA, December 19th, 1900.

Mr. Cudahy: We have kidnaped your child and demand \$25,000 (twenty-five thousand dollars) for his safe return. If you give us the money, the child will be returned as safe as when you last saw him, but if you refuse we will put acid in his eyes and blind him, then we will immediately kidnap another millionaire's child that we have spotted and demand \$100,000 and we will get it, for he will see the condition of your child and realize the fact that we mean business and will not be monkeyed with or captured. Get the money all in gold, five, ten and twenty dollar pieces, put it in a grip in a white wheat sack, get in your buggy alone on the night of December 19th at 7 o'clock p. m., and drive south from your house to Center street; turn west on Center and drive back to Ruser's park and follow the paved road towards Fremont; when you come to a lantern that is lighted by the side of the road place the money by the lantern and immediately turn your horse around and return home. You will know our lantern for it will have two ribbons, black and white, tied on the handle; you must place a red lantern on your buggy where it can be plainly seen, so we will know you a mile away. This letter and every part of it must be returned with the money and any attempt at capture will be the saddest thing you ever done.

If you remember some twenty years ago Charley Ross was kidnaped in New York City and \$20,000 ransom asked. Old man Ross was willing to give up the money, but Burns, the great detective, with others, persuaded the old man not to give up the money, assuring him that the thieves would be captured. Ross died of a broken heart, sorry that he allowed the detectives to dictate to him.

This letter must not be seen by any one but you. If the police or some stranger knew its contents they might attempt to capture us, although entirely against your wish, or some one might use a lantern and represent us; thus, the wrong party securing the money and this would be as fatal to you as if you refused to give up the money. So you see the danger if you let this letter be seen.

Mr. Cudahy you are up against it and there is only one way out—GIVE UP THE COIN. Money we want and money we will get.

If you don't give up, the next man will, for he will see that we mean business and you can lead your boy around blind for the rest of your days, and all you will have is the dam copper sympathy. Do the right thing by us and we will do the same by you. If you refuse you will soon see the saddest sight you ever seen.

Wednesday, December 19th.

THIS NIGHT OR NEVER.

Follow these instructions and no harm will befall you or yours.

Iowa Company Sees.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Dec. 21.—The Des Moines Life Insurance company of Des Moines, Ia., today brought suit in the United States court against State Insurance Superintendent Van Cleave for the recovery of \$2,000 claimed to have been paid by them upon unjust claims and asking for a permanent writ of injunction against Superintendent Van Cleave, restraining him from enforcing his order of May 14, 1900, revoking the license of the company. The company claims that despite the fact that they paid these claims in order to prevent the revocation of its license, the license was revoked.

Iowa Man Bankrupt.

LA PORTE, Ind., Dec. 21.—Charles C. Black, a Goshen attorney who has filed bankruptcy proceedings in the federal court of this state with liabilities of \$219,731 and no assets, was until 1898, a resident of Davenport, Ia. Mr. Black's personal fortune of \$100,000 has entirely dwindled away and he is now penniless. He claims that he lost his fortune in business enterprises in Iowa and Missouri before coming to Indiana.

Free Pardon Demanded.

BLOEMFONTEIN, Tuesday, Dec. 18.—General Dewet had 6,000 men and 18,000 horses when he captured Deventorsburg, according to a gentleman who was imprisoned there. The Boer commander then declared that he was not going to surrender without a free pardon for all his men, including many Cape Dutch. The force of 6,000 is now divided into three sections.

Navy's Loss Serious.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—It is said at the Navy department that a serious loss has been suffered by the navy in the fire at the Norfolk navy yard yesterday. The money loss is of secondary importance. The fire destroyed valuable records that cannot be replaced and many necessary plans which can only be replaced at much expense in time and money.

Amnesty Bill Passed.

PARIS, Dec. 21.—The chamber of deputies after an all-night session adopted the amnesty bill by a vote of 156 to 2. The benefits of the measure extend to offenses connected with strikes, public meetings of associations and the troubles in Algeria in 1897-98, in addition to cases arising out of the Dreyfus agitation.

A Fireman Who Starts Fires.

In Waltham, Mass., an employe of the city fire department is under arrest charged with arson. It is asserted that he started a blaze in the fire house in which his company was stationed, and afterward turned in an alarm to summon aid in extinguishing the flames. What his motive was is unknown.

Up Against a Tough One.

President George Harris, of Amherst college, is one of the first college presidents to attempt, publicly, to solve the servant girl problem. At a recent meeting of women's clubs at Amherst, Mass., he read a paper on the subject.

Castle Was an Old Convent.

The castle in which Oswald Aurneme, a Belgian artist, has offered Mr. Kruger a home was built by monks 309 years ago as a convent. It has had a varied career, a former owner having entertained royalty in it, and was bought only a few years ago by M. d'Aurneme, who is wealthy and restored all the old splendor, besides instituting all modern conveniences and comforts.